

THE DAILY STAR

KITTY'S DREAM.

It was a very pretty picture. In the background, the home of Farmer Wilson. The sunshine lay bright on the green-sward, and on the wilderness of flowers and shrubs that grew close to the walls of the old house.

Mr. Wilson sat on a rustic bench, and a handsome girl hovered about him, attending to his little wants, varying her kind offices with playful caresses, while her white neck and her golden brown hair glittered in the sunshine; all this seemed to harmonize well with the old house that formed the background to the picture.

Kitty Wilson was the old farmer's only daughter and only companion, too, for his wife had died years before.

She was a small, beautiful creature, with golden-brown curls clinging carelessly to her white neck, and such an innocent, childish mouth, that one almost forgot while looking at it that seventeen bright summers had shed their sunshine upon the curly head.

"Good evening, Will," was the farmer's hearty greeting to a young fellow who came up the path leading from the road.

"Good evening, sir," was Will's respectful reply, with a bow a trifle awkward to Kitty.

Will Raymond and Kitty had grown up from childhood together, had been playmates, schoolmates, and companions all their lives.

In summer they had chased the wild butterfly over the meadow, or by the clear running brook, and in winter slid down hill together.

As night had been foreseen, as they grew older there grew up a feeling in their hearts deeper than respect—deeper than mere friendship.

They had learned to love each other.

True, there never had been any formal engagement between them, but the understanding was mutual.

But of late the current of their love had not run so smoothly.

The cause of this was Mr. Harold Howard, the son of a city millionaire, whose country residence was in the neighborhood.

He had shown Kitty many attentions, having taken a fancy to her fresh rustic beauty, and her foolish head had been almost turned by it.

Already she had built brilliant castles in the air, the foundation in every case being her marriage to the wealthy Harold.

She had grown cold toward honest Will already, and this night he had come over to have "an understanding."

"Kitty," he said, "let's take a little walk down the lane, it's so cool and pleasant."

Kitty consented, not very graciously, however, and they walked for awhile in silence.

Finally Will spoke.

"My dear Kitty—"

"Whose dear Kitty?" interrupted the airy beauty. "Don't be too familiar, if you please."

"Why, Kitty, you know I've called you dear a thousand times before and you never objected."

"And that was a thousand times too many. Besides, I am not a girl any more. I'm a woman grown, and really you must be more respectful, or I won't see you at all."

"Not see me at all! What do you mean?"

Kitty hung her head.

Her conscience smote her a little for her treatment of her lover.

"Out with it," continued Will. "We might as well understand each other. Is Harold Howard at the bottom of it?"

"Well, what if he is?"

"Then everything is ended between us, and—oh, here he comes."

True enough, Will's rival came up the lane.

"Shall I go?" whispered Will.

Kitty hesitated, but the answer came at last.

"Yes."

Will looked grieved and angry, but he went quietly away.

The girl's manner changed when Harold spoke to her.

She was gracious now, and received his broad compliments with blushes and simperings.

They walked together for an hour, and when he went away he left a kiss upon her red lips.

That night she went to bed with her thoughts full of her new lover, and never a thought of the old one.

Kitty was married to Howard, and lived in a grand house near the city.

Wealth and luxury surrounded her on every side, and her smallest wish was gratified.

She wore the costliest of dresses, the most magnificent of jewelry, and her beauty drew around her a throng of the fops, both male and female, of fashionable society.

But with all the softness of her temper, by no means weak or nervous, having plenty of will underneath her gentility—voluptuous paws, not covering claws that would scratch and wound and rend, but covering small bars of iron that held her own undauntedly, and would not be beaten off or unclasped by any means save their own free will.

Therefore, with no real love for her rich husband, she frequently quarreled with him.

Their married life lacked the one thing necessary to make life happy—mutual confidence and love.

But time passed, and the regard which her husband did not value was lavished upon the baby which was the result of their marriage.

One day, as she sat beside the cradle of her child, a servant announced a visitor.

"He's the lawyer, ma'am; and he's come to see Mr. Howard on business."

"Show him in."

He came in, and she invited him to be seated, informing him that her husband would soon return.

The lawyer was Will Raymond, now a prosperous man; but she scarcely raised her eyes, and so did not recognize him.

As for him, he gazed spell-bound at the mother and child.

When Kitty finally looked up she recognized the lawyer, and gave a little cry of surprise.

All the old love for him swept over her.

Had she been aware of his coming, she might have schooled herself to meet him calmly; but now she lost all control of herself, and the old lovers were clasped in each other's arms.

The husband's footstep interrupted them; but they met again and again, stealthily.

At length she consented to an elopement.

Her husband had already grown suspicious, and had placed a watch upon her movements.

Thereupon, she dared not drive to the station in her own carriage, nor be seen to depart with Will.

It was, therefore, arranged that she should take the night train, reaching the station in the morning.

From there she could take a stage for twenty miles more to a place where Will was to meet her, and both were to take a steamer.

Kitty kissed her baby good-by, and the train whirled her away.

She reached the station in safety the next morning, and took the stage.

She was quite still in the farthest corner of the vehicle, and was a little frightened at the notice the two or three other passengers appeared to take of her.

She did her best to seem calm and collected.

But nobody spoke to her, and one after another they left the vehicle and fresh persons took their places, who did not know where she had got in.

After the stage had gone about ten miles, the clatter of horses feet was heard, and Kitty's blood froze as she saw, by looking out of the back of the stage, her husband following in the rear.

He must have discovered her plan and followed in the same train.

She knew not what to do; she could only shrink closer into her corner and hope against probability that he had not seen her.

The stage finally reached its destination, and Will was there to receive her.

She drew back pale as death from his proffered kiss, and pointed down the road.

Her husband was riding furiously toward them.

He uttered an oath, as he came up, and Kitty screamed with terror as the flash and report of a pistol followed.

Kitty sat up in bed, trembling in every limb.

It was broad daylight, and her father was calling her.

"Thank goodness," thought Kitty, "it was all a dream, and I am not married to Harold Howard."

That day she sent a note to Will, asking him to call.

He did so, and found her the same loving, frank-hearted girl that she had been before Harold Howard came between them, only she was even more tender in her manner toward him.

As for Harold, she assured Will that "she couldn't love him now," and before they parted had consented to become the wife of her rustic lover.

"Tobacco."

The following is from the "blue laws" of Connecticut, which went into operation in 1650:

"Forasmuch as it is observed that many abuses are crept in, and committed by frequent taking of tobacco:

"It is ordered by the authority of this court that no person under the age of 21 years, nor any other, that hath not already accustomed himself to the use thereof, shall take any tobacco until hee hath brought a certificate under the hands of some who are approved for knowledge and skill in physic, that it is useful for him, and also that hee hath received a license from the courts for the same; and for the regulating of those who, either by their former taking it, have to their own apprehensions made it necessary for them, or upon due advice are persuaded to the use thereof:

"It is ordered, That no man within this colony, after the publication hereof, shall take any tobacco publicly in the street, highways, or upon training days, in any open places, under penalty of sixpence for each offence against this order, in any of the particulars thereof, to be paid without gainingay upon conviction, by the testimony of one witness, that is without just exception, before any one magistrate. And the constables in the several towns are required to make presentment to each particular court of such as they do understand, and can evict to the transgression of this order.

A Pallure.

(Providence Press.)

"Run for a doctor and a glass of brandy, quick," cried a red-nosed man, slightly overcome by fatigue and so forth, on Pawtucket avenue, Sunday afternoon. Good Samaritans started off in answer to his appeal, when they were rounded to by an additional cry, "Don't too many of you go for the doctor and not enough for the brandy. I guess you better all go for the brandy first and the doctor afterwards." They all looked upon the old humbug, who was thus presuming upon the best impulses of humanity, and then left him alone with his thirst under a shady tree.

A Grammatical Error.

(Harper's Magazine.)

Colorado has the most delightful climate in the world, and bed-bugs. A mother in Israel residing there require her granddaughter, a young High School miss, to read to her daily some portion of the Good Book. While so engaged recently the young lady suddenly stopped, and exclaimed: "Why, grandma, I declare, here is a grammatical error."

The old lady replied: "No matter, darling, kill it and go on."

Pangs for the Dead.

O, for the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stunted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know.

TWO LIVES.

—Loses on losses, fast they came; Men said: "There's left him but his name; But that is free from blot or blame."

Despairing, bowed with care and dread, As if he heard, he raised his head, "Thank God, I have my name!" he said.

A palace, gilded ease and grace; Loud jests and laughter; banquets rare; Dark hints of foul beneath the fair.

At daybreak, on a sleepless bed, He moaned and turned his fevered head, "I've all things but a name!" he said.

—[Harriet McEwen Kimball.]

A Joke Played Upon "Col. Sellers."

(Philadelphia Times.)

John McCullough, John T. Raymond and Wm. H. Crane have been making it lively around Fourteenth street, in New York. Mr. Crane arrived from Liverpool Saturday. McCullough and Raymond met him, and they say the three found themselves on Monday night in a little billiard room near the square.

They had taken in Cony Island, Brighton Beach, interviewed Corbin, the Jew-killer, and returned on the cars, Raymond especially distinguishing himself as a practical joker. They sat in the billiard hall weary and dusty. Conversation flagged, and Raymond fell sound asleep.

Then a diabolical idea entered the minds of McCullough and Crane. They would try a practical joke on John T. Upon one of the billiard tables a half dozen balls were thrown. The gas was extinguished, leaving everybody and everything in darkness. Crane and McCullough began to bang the balls about, and shout the score they were piling up.

Bang! from Billy.

"A fine shot," shouted McCullough.

"Twenty-one."

Bang! bang! once more.

"Fine carom! Twenty-five!" yelled Crane.

Bang! bang! bang! This thing went on a few minutes, when Raymond was heard to move.

"Where are you—John—Billy—eh?" said he.

"John's just walking away with me," replied Crane.

Bang again. "Thirty-five?"

"But, John—Billy where are you?" ejaculated Raymond, with agitation in his voice.

Another billiard ball made the circuit of the table. "Two more for me," said Crane, and turning to Raymond: "What's the matter with you? why don't you open your eyes?"

"But," said Raymond becoming nervous, "I can't see you."

"Wash your eyes," suggested McCullough. Bang again.

"You don't mean to say you're in this billiard room, John?" asked Raymond, his voice laded with emotion.

"Of course we are, and playing billiards," returned the two jokers simultaneously.

"My God!" shrieked John. "McCullough—Billy—I'm blind!"

McCullough says that the way in which this exclamation was uttered convinces him that Raymond is the pathetic actor he has long enjoyed the reputation of being.

At the Expense of Others.

The shirk thrives upon the industry of his fellows. When any particularly unpleasant task is to be accomplished the shirk is very busy about things that are necessary to be done, to be sure, but not virtually essential to the issue in hand.

The feminine shirk will occupy herself with arranging the parlor, with dusting the dining room, with pruning the house plants, with "tidying" up the kitchen, while her "esteemed contemporary" plunges into the thickest of the work, washes the dishes, scrubs the floor, trims the lamps, blackens the stove, and performs the most competent duties.

Literature, history and art are also frequently the subjects of her causeries, and at Compiegne nothing is more delightful than what is known as "The Empress' Tears." In these select reunions she will discuss with equal facility the most difficult topics and the most familiar questions. The originality of her views and the boldness, nay, even temerity of her opinions astonish and captivate one. Her language, sometimes incorrect, is full of color and verve. Wonderfully precise in all business discussions, she rises, when engaged in a conversation, on political or moral topics, to real eloquence.

Pious without bigotry and highly cultivated without being pedantic, she talks on every topic with the greatest abandon—indeed, she may be a little too fond of discussion. Very quick by nature, she very frequently lets herself be carried too far in the heat of argument, and this has more than once made her enemies. Her exaggerations, however, are always the result of her love of the good. But besides the clever woman, the prudent and courageous sovereign, we must show the mother, full of solicitude and tenderness for her son.

"She wishes the prince imperial to have a manly education; she has a full account given to her of his work and follows the progress of his studies, thus assisting as it were from day to day at the growth of this young mind, at the mental development which in the case of an heir to such brilliant prospects is the guarantee of a splendid future."

The Gift of the Whole Thing.

Add to the power of discovering truth the desire for using it for the promotion of human happiness, and you have the great object of our existence. This is the immaculate model of excellence that every human being should fix in the chamber of his mind; which he should place before his eyes to the sun; to strengthen his understanding, that he may direct his benevolence, and to exhibit to the world the most beautiful spectacle the world can behold—consummate virtue guided by consummate talents.

A Good Idea.

A lady proposes that the housekeepers of every country neighborhood meet once in a fortnight or so and discuss matters pertaining to cooking and house-keeping. Two or more articles of food might be selected beforehand, and be cooked and eaten at each meeting, and all the different ways of cooking such articles described and commented on. In this manner the best and healthiest methods of cooking and housekeeping would thus soon become familiar to all the ladies of the club. The social pleasures of such reunions would likewise be great.

SCISSORED SCINTILLATIONS.

How to get at the root of a thing—Dig. A hot-head—A head of steam.—[Cin. Saturday Night.]

Good jokes should be, like persimmons, puckery.—[Puck.]

The lard-leaders motto—Try, try again.—[Danbury News.]

Faber should have been a Pencil vanian.—[Waterloo Observer.]

Down in the mouth—The tongue of course.—[Danbury News.]

People call you deer when they would fawn upon you.—[Boston Transcript.]

The Welsh language can never expect to be a pronounced success.—[Albany Journal.]

Blessed is the bee-holder, for it cells its own honey and saves the commission.—[Erratic Enigme.]

We like a man with lots of temper. It is the man who gets out of temper that we don't like.—[Boston Post.]

"Yes," said a Texas lawyer who was defending a murderer, "the prisoner at the bar will prove an alibi. Gentlemen, we shall prove that the murdered man wasn't there."

One of the gunners returning from the marshes was asked if he had shot anything. He said: "No; but I have given the birds a good serenading."—[Newburyport Herald.]

We know nothing, personally, about hell being paved with good intentions; but we do know that all the pigeon-holes of the land are full of them.—[Quincy Modern Argo.]

"Well little girl, did you have a nice time playing yesterday?" "Oh, yes, sir; I played I was a fashionable lady, and I put on mamma's hair and her stomachs." mamma faints!

Railways are aristocratic. They teach a man to know his own station and to stop there.—[New York Express.]

They are eminently social, too, being held together by many ties.—[Western Rural.]

In the house of life, Be not like dumb driven cattle; Be a martyr—take a wife.

—[Old City Derrick.]

"Whiskey is your greatest enemy," said a minister to one of his deacons. "But," said the deacon, "don't the Bible say that we are to love our enemies?" "Oh, yes, deacon, but it does not say that we are to swallow them."

If a body takes a toddy Largely made of rye, If that toddy "knocks" a body, Needs a body sht? Anybody that drinks toddy (Weather fit to fry) Then that body takes big chances Other worlds to try.

A prominent business man said to the reporter, "Things are decidedly brisk around town just now; there isn't an idle laboring man to be found about the place." Then the reporter walked down the street, and encountering a young man inquired, "Don't you want a job?" "Yes," was the reply. "Well, wants a man." "Does he?" "Well, I ain't going to handle lumber."—[Hackensack Republican.]

"Good afternoon, my dear friend; I am delighted to see you. And to what am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit?" "I'll tell you that presently; but first permit me to embrace your charming child. Can't I, my little man?" "Yes, sir, if you promise not to cut into papa's." "Cut into your papa?" "Yes, cause papa said, when he saw you coming, 'Here comes that fellow to bore me again!'"—[French Paper.]

Singing In Trouble.

(Youth's Companion.)

Mr. Stanley, in his "Dark Continent," gives a touching illustration of the influence of songs when the mind is troubled or depressed. The party had been in great danger, and had passed through severe fighting. Frank Pocock, the sunniest of them all, and the best loved, broke into a strain of singing:

"The home-land! I long to meet Those who have gone before! The weeping eyes and weary feet Rest on that happy shore."

Mr. Stanley said, "Frank, you will make every boy cry with such tunes as that. Choose some heroic tune." "All right, sir," he replied, with a bright face and struck up—

"Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers onward To their home on high."

"Ah, Frank," said Mr. Stanley, "it isn't the heavenward way you mean, is it? I should think you would prefer the homeward way."

"How do you like this, sir?"

"My God, my Father, while I stray Far from my home, in life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, 'I will be done.'"

"Frank, you are thinking too much of the poor fellows we have lately lost. Sing, my dear Frank, your best song."

He responded by singing—

Lord, I believe and only Thou Canst give my soul relief To thy truth my spirit bow— Help, thou mine unbelief.

Mr. Stanley adds, "I saw that Frank was in a serious and religious vein of mind, and refrained from disturbing him further."

Important Duties.

Keen foreign observers deservedly give the American people great credit for the skill they have shown in overcoming difficulties and embarrassments similar to those imposed on ancient European kingdoms.

We have had a dreadful civil war, enormous National and local debts, manufacturing distresses, a panic of stupendous proportions, and innumerable perils pertaining to advanced civilization have been overcome as rapidly as forests and savages were subdued by our heroic ancestors. Now that a reasonable degree of material prosperity has been reassured there are few duties more important than the destruction of the most hideous and palpable excrecences of the pervading system of practical politics. It can scarcely be the destiny of this republic to suffer a large portion of its ruling power to drift into the control of fools and knaves.

Lucky for the Old Man.

(Cin. Saturday Night.)

A very singular old man died in a Russian village not long ago, who, on account of his traveling much and changing his religion to suit the prevailing creed wherever he tarried, was called "A Collector of Religions." It was well this old man never visited Chicago, for there he would have found no religion to collect.

Wearry Women.

(Sanitary Magazine.)

Nothing is more reprehensible and thoroughly wrong than the idea that a woman fulfills her duty by doing an amount of work far beyond her strength. She not only does not fulfill her duty, but she most signally fails in it.

There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken-down, over-worked wife and mother—a woman who is tired all her life through.

If the work of the household cannot be accomplished by order, system and moderate work, without the necessity of wearing, heart-breaking toil—that is never ended and never begun, without making life a treadmill let the work go. Better to live in the midst of disorder than that order should be purchased at so high a price—the cost of health, strength, happiness and all that makes existence endurable.

The woman who spends her life in unnecessary labor is by this very labor unfitted for the highest duties of home. She should be the haven of rest to which both husband and children turn for peace and refreshment. She should be the careful, intelligent adviser and guide of the one, the tender confidant and help mate of the other. How is it possible for a woman, exhausted in body, as a natural consequence in mind also, to perform either of these offices? No, it is not possible. The constant strain is too great. Nature gives way beneath it. She loses health and more than spirits and hopefulness, and more than all, her youth, the last thing that a woman should allow to slip from her, for, no matter how old she is in years, she should be young in heart and feeling, for the youth of age is something more attractive than youth itself.

To the over-worked woman this green old age is out of the question; old age comes on, ere and yellow before its time. Her disposition is ruined, her temper is soured, her very nature is changed, by the burden which, too heavy to carry, is dragged along as long as wearied feet and tired hands can do their part. Even her affections are blunted, and she becomes merely a machine—a woman without the time to train and guide her children as only a mother can, a wife without the time to sympathize with and cheer her husband, a woman so overworked during the day that when night comes her sole thought the most intense longing is for the rest and sleep that very probably will not come; and, even if it should, that she is too tired to enjoy. Better far let everything go unfinished, to live as best she can, than to entail on herself and family the curse of overwork.

A Four-Handed Sister.

(Chamber's Journal.)

Thefts by means of any kind of ruse are bad enough, but when they are committed under the cloak of religion they are immeasurably worse.

A Sister of Charity called on a family in Paris to enlist their sympathies for the poor, she was most pleasant and attractive in her manner. Eventually she induced those present to join with her in an act of devotion, and the party knelt side by side in the drawing room while the Sister offered a prayer. From the time of entering the house and during this act she had kept her hands crossed under her bosom. When therefore in the middle of the prayer a lady felt somebody's hand in her pocket, it required some nerve to seize the Sister and accuse her of the theft. This she, nevertheless, did; and then the mystery was revealed. The crossed arms were of wax, and being partially hidden under the sleeves, seemed real, while the actual hands were at liberty to enable the lady to pursue her fraudulent calling.

Want to Wear Kid Gloves.

(Detroit Free Press.)

The other day a Boston firm advertised for a book-keeper; the next day's mail brought 347 answers. One advertisement for a clerk in the Free Press last month brought the first day 130 applications, and a greater number of letters and personal applications next day. An advertisement for a week in a Detroit paper for a good carpenter brought only four replies. The moral of this is obvious. Young man, learn a trade.

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I take great pleasure in offering you this testimonial, and you have my permission to publish the same. Yours, truly,

CHAS. E. WHITE, Davisville, Cal.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 8th day of November, 1878.

JAMES D. KING, Notary Public.

JOSEPH E. FORD, Jr., Attorney at Law, North Attleboro, Mass., says: "For more than twenty years a portion of my head has been as smooth and free from hair as a billiard ball, but some eight weeks ago I was induced to try your CARBOLINE, and the effects have been simply wonderful. Where no hair has been seen for six years, there now appears a thick growth. I expect the growth to be slow, but it is growing now nearly as rapidly as hair does after it is cut. You may use the above testimonial if you choose, and may refer to me for it."

W. H. BRILL & Co., Fifth Avenue Pharmacy, Pittsburg, Pa., says: "We have sold preparations for the hair for upwards of twenty years, but have never had one so well as well or give such universal satisfaction as CARBOLINE. We therefore recommend it with confidence to our friends and the general public."

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